

Away, delights

Robert Johnson

A- way, de- lights; go seek some o- ther dwel- ling, For I will
Ne- ver a- gain de- lud- ing love shall know me, For I will

5

die; Fare- well, false hope; Thy tongue is e- ver tell- ing Lie
die; And all those griefs That think to o- ver- flow me, Shall

10

af- ter lie. For ev- er let me rest now from thy smart; A-
be as I: For ev- er will I rest, whilst poor maids cry, A-

15

las, for pi- ty stay, and fire their hearts, That have been hard to
las, for pi- ty stay, and let us die With thee; men can- not

thee: Mine was not so. so.
mock Us in the clay. clay.